

Hymns – 30th August

823

1 Who would true valour see,
let him come hither;
one here will constant be,
come wind, come weather;
there's no discouragement
shall make him once relent
his first avowed intent
to be a pilgrim.

2 Whoso beset him round
with dismal stories,
do but themselves confound,
his strength the more is.
No lion can him fright:
he'll with a giant fight,
but he will have the right
to be a pilgrim.

3 Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
can daunt his spirit;
he knows he at the end
shall life inherit.
Then, fancies, fly away;
he'll not fear what men say;
he'll labour night and day
to be a pilgrim.

604

1 Brother, sister, let me serve you,
let me be as Christ to you;
pray that I may have the grace
to let you be my servant too.

2 We are pilgrims on a journey,
and companions on the road;
we are here to help each other
walk the mile and bear the load.

3 I will hold the Christ-light for you
in the night-time of your fear;
I will hold my hand out to you,
speak the peace you long to hear.

4 I will weep when you are
weeping;
when you laugh, I'll laugh with you;
I will share your joy and sorrow
till we've seen this journey through.

5 When we sing to God in heaven,
we shall find such harmony,
born of all we've known together
of Christ's love and agony.

6 Brother, sister, let me serve you,
let me be as Christ to you;
pray that I may have the grace
to let you be my servant too.

494

1 I, the Lord of sea and sky,
I have heard my people cry.
All who dwell in dark and sin
my hand will save.
I, who made the stars of night,
I will make their darkness bright.
Who will bear my light to them?
Whom shall I send?

Here I am, Lord. Is it I, Lord?
I have heard you calling in the night.
I will go, Lord, if you lead me.
I will hold your people in my heart.

2 I, the Lord of snow and rain,
I have borne my people's pain.
I have wept for love of them.
They turn away.
I will break their hearts of stone,
give them hearts for love alone.
I will speak my word to them.
Whom shall I send?

3 I, the Lord of wind and flame,
I will tend the poor and lame.
I will set a feast for them.
My hand will save.
Finest bread I will provide
till their hearts be satisfied.
I will give my life to them.
Whom shall I send?

595

1 Be thou my vision, O Lord of my
heart,
be all else but naught to me, save that
thou art;

be thou my best thought in the day and
the night,
both waking and sleeping, thy presence
my light.

2 Be thou my wisdom, be thou my
true word,
be thou ever with me, and I with thee,
Lord;
be thou my great Father, and I thy true
son;
be thou in me dwelling, and I with thee
one.

3 Be thou my breastplate, my sword
for the fight;
be thou my whole armour, be thou my
true might;
be thou my soul's shelter, be thou my
strong tower:
O raise thou me heavenward, great
Power of my power.

4 Riches I heed not, nor man's empty
praise:
be thou mine inheritance now and
always;
be thou and thou only the first in my
heart;
O Sovereign of heaven, my treasure thou
art.

5 High King of heaven, thou heaven's
bright Sun,
O grant me its joys after victory is won;
great Heart of my own heart, whatever
befall,
still be thou my vision, O Ruler of all.